1872.

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1872.

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JOHN PASSMORE'S PLOT:

HELD IN THE HIDDEN ROOM. A STORY OF PHILADELPHIA.

BY FRANK CARROLL.

CHAPTER I.

"No same, Cortia. Name are upty things to am in cases like that, Call and an elevance of dry goods."
"Ye shall be seen and so will complete the continue to the last of the la



The letter read like on onigms, but was pariectly clear to Paremore, "Mr. Jones. The game's pinde. The dog's dead. Clubs is trumps. I've had my deal, and won on the sed. It's your turn to shuffle the keerds, and deel to my hand. Come to the rookery, and bring the inducements. And quick too. Delays is dangerous.

"It's not fifteen minutes from train time, and he's likely safe aboard while we're waiting here."
"We will try the depot, then. I will have to make some excuss if I should find him there. While I talk with him you can use your eyes."
"Don't be talking nonsense. Do you spose II shut them, Mr. Pass..."
"No names, Corbin. Names are ugly 'no mames, Corbin. Names are ugly try the depot."
A few nonsensi walk brought them to the station of the Philadelphia and Baltimore liailroad. As they approached the filluminated and bustling scene, the man called Corbin fell back, at a hint from his companion, who stepped briskly shead and entered the wide open doors of the station.

The light, that now fell full upon him, revealed a short, rather atout person, well but not obtrustively dressed, with a dark but handsome face, and a certain brunqueness of manner that seemed to indicate a frank disposition.

The other, who stood a couple of yards." There is the bell: The train will start

is object, whatever, it hay materially all see.

Growing fields of wheat, corp, tobacco, and other products, rose on all sides round one of the marble columns of the hotel doorway, misty clouds of segar smoke curing over his head as he heedlessly surveyed the constant stream of citizens ebbing and flowing trees, and a general aspect of thirth and of rural beauty marked the constant stream of citizens ebbing and flowing trees, and a general aspect of thirth and of rural beauty marked the constant stream of citizens ebbing and flowing trees, and a general aspect of thirth and of rural beauty marked the constant stream of citizens ebbing and flowing trees, and a general aspect of thirth and of rural beauty marked the constant stream of citizens ebbing and flowing trees, and a general aspect of thirth and of rural beauty approaching, with no digns of the promised locality.

For several hours they had driven thus, and night was rapidly approaching, with no digns of the promised locality.

"One, my friend," said Mr. Willing, there's a team coming."

The next minute he was gone, leaving the pallid, breathless face turned up to the darkening sky, while the maddened horses tore aligns with the fragments of the carriage at the fine driving and perfect confidence of his coschman. "Are we not getting near our destination? Night will be on us in a first. He turned him over with his foot and found the blood flowing freely from a wound in his skull. He felt his pulse, it was moon the skull. He felt his pulse, it was moon the skull. He felt his pulse, it was moon the skull. He felt his pulse, it was moon the skull. He felt his pulse, it was moon them. Near moon third skull. He felt his pulse, it was moon them. We have an engagement. I will be donies.

"He same the felt his pulse, it was moon to the skull. He felt his pulse, it was moon to the skull. He felt his pulse, it was moon to his skull. He felt his pulse, it was moon them. The earn tree was moon to his skull. He felt his pulse, it was moon to his skull. He felt his puls

of the environs, with an invigorating tome that ient new life to the somewhat languid frame of the overworked Philadelphian.

Corbin, with perfect assurance, drove onward, soon turning from the main road and winding through a multiplicity of issue, until Mr. Willing began to appreciate the completeness of the habyrinth of which his friend had spoken. He thanked his good fortune that he had not attempted this difficult route alone, but had obtained a driver who so thoroughly knew the way.

And this driver, with the most utter ignorance of where he was and whither he was tending, except that he was following ageneral westerly direction, and getting farther away from the city, drove on recklessly, with a while pleasure at finding himself souterly at sea.

Growing fields of wheat, corn, tobacco, and other products, rose on all sides round them. Neat pentation houses peered out from embowering frees, and a general awesterly direction and general awesterd.

Mr. Willing fell in undermost, awing Corbin from danger, while the weight of his antagonist added doubly to the violence of the shock with which he struck the ground. The driver rose to his feet and looked down and other products, rose on all sides round them. Neat pentation houses peered out from embowering frees, and a general awester.

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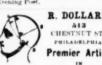
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WIT AND HUMOR.

THE FAIRY QUEEN'S SONG.



meetings and strolls by the banks of the lake, where Tell is noted to have optit the mythical apple and to have defied Geneler's imperial chapses. But Madame Mother in time discovered this, and announced that she would leave fewitzerland, and Europe even, to prevent the releations which had fascinated her daughter. This cruel mandate was announced to the student, and it moved him deeply. He saked for one more interview. The next day his belowed would leave Lucerne and go to distant lands. The meeting was permitted "for twenty minutes," says our correspondent. "Are you afraid to die?" said flomeo. "Mo," said Julist, "when the time comes." And in a fissh the student drew a small pistol and fired it at her temples. She full upon the ground, apparently deed. He then put the pistol to his own forehead and fired, and full by her side. It was thought, when assistance came, that both were dead. The maides, however, was severely but not dangerously wounded, and is now free from danger. The student was more seriously injured. It is thought, however, that youth and health will save his life; but he will never again look upon his beloved, for the shot which was to have taken his life has robbed him of his sight, and he now lies in the Gersau Hospital hopelessly blind.

RIDDLER

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